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*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

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FALLEN THROUGH.



## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE HOPE that the people who are writing and speaking in behalf of Tariff Reform will not forget during the coming campaign that they must address not only the people who are individually interested in this matter and know something about it, but the people who are honestly and excusably ignorant about it — the young voters who are assuming the responsibilities of citizenship for the first time, and the older voters who have chosen their political associations on other and earlier issues: those who became Republicans or Democrats at a time when there were free-traders and protectionists in both parties, and when a man's personal opinion on such questions of economics had nothing to do with his party loyalty. The plain and simple story of the establishment and growth of what is called the protective system can not be told and retold too often for the benefit of these people, whether they need information or only reminder. It may be a trite and wearisome page of ancient history to many of us, but we must not forget that the most of those who stand in need of conversion to the cause of Tariff Reform stand in such need just because they know nothing of this same simple history, and because their ignorance of a few rudimentary facts gives the high-tariff talker his one chance of confusing and puzzling them.

The young voter who does not know and the old one who has forgotten must be told that there is really no such thing as a protective system. It is an incidental, almost an accidental, outgrowth of a scheme of taxation invented in ancient days to meet certain emergencies. In the days when commerce was carried on mainly by adventurous, roving navigators, who wandered around, buying at any port where they could buy cheap, and selling at any port where they could sell dear, the towns they visited were naturally obliged to levy a tax on these irresponsible, casual, and often unscrupulous strangers, in order to give their own merchants a fair chance in the market. For instance, suppose that to some little seaport town remote from other settlements and rarely visited, there came a strange ship with a cargo of uncommonly cheap wheat, purchased at a bargain in some more favored region, or perhaps stolen outright from the original shipper. The town could not afford, just for the chance of buying that one cargo cheap, to take away a year's income from its wheat-growers and their field-hands, and its millers and flour-dealers and all their workmen. So the town authorities said to the stranger: "You may sell in our markets, but we will tax your sales so as to give our own folks a chance." And they went further than this. When the stranger had sold his cargo, he would look around for something to buy at that port, to sell at the next he might happen to touch at. He would buy, for instance, olive oil, to peddle in some distant place where oil was scarce and dear. But the town authorities took a hand in here, too. "We want a share of your profits," they said; "if you are going to buy up the bulk of our oil and leave us with a short allowance, you shall pay us well for it." So they levied another tax on his exports as well as on his imports.

Now, you see, there was a certain rough justice in all of this, but it was just only because the circumstances made it so. They taxed the man only because he was a stranger, because he came to their town in the way of adventure, not of trade, with no intention of coming again, or of making them sharers in any prosperity that might come to him; because his visit broke up their trade and gave them no new trade to rely upon. But suppose a different case. Suppose the stranger came to the head men of the town with an ample and satisfactory guarantee of regular service to and from a country where flour was produced cheap, and where olive-oil was uncommonly dear. What would have happened among those logical and simple-minded ancients, who had never in their lives heard of a protective system? Why, they would have said to the stranger: "We shall be delighted to have you come as often as you can make it profitable, and there will be no question of any tax upon what you bring in or what you take out, for now that you are doing the fair thing by us all and adding to the volume of our trade, we consider you as one of us."

But, you think, the flour-industry of this little seaport might have had something to say about this arrangement. Certainly, it might. You

may be sure that the miller and the flour-seller and the baker would hasten to the head men of the town to make complaint that their business was likely to be injured. But the head men of the town, having had to do with the complaints and demands of a great many trades and business interests, would say to the baker: "What does it matter to you if you sell three hundred loaves for a penny apiece, where before you sold a hundred loaves for three-pence apiece?" And to the flour-dealer and the miller they would say: "What does it matter to you if your prices are lower, so long as your production and sale are proportionately larger?" And then at last would come the farmer, who would say: "What is to become of me? for I can not raise grain as cheaply as these strangers who have a more suitable climate. Put on the tax, I pray you, so that I still may find a profit in my crops." But the head men of the town would answer him in their simple, old-fashioned, unsophisticated way: "Not so, farmer. This town is run for the good of all, not for the good of one, and God and not we made the climate. If by means of this new trade the baker and the miller and the flour-seller may profit, while yet the citizens of our town get more bread to eat and have less to pay for it, it would be clearly unjust that they should be denied this advantage for the pleasure of one man. The people should not be stinted in their bread that you may follow your own will in the choice of the crops you sow. If there is no profit for you in raising wheat, it is your manifest duty to go to raising olives, in which there is a profit since this stranger has given us a market for the oil."

That was the beginning of what is called the protective system, and that, in very truth, is the end of it, considered as a system. You see, it was really no more than a temporary makeshift designed to lessen the unnatural fluctuations of trade — not to abolish them, but merely to check them when they threatened to wreck useful and necessary trades and industries. There was no broad scheme of political economy involved; it was nothing but an emergency measure chosen for lack of a better, and put in force to save the town's trade from an otherwise unavoidable disaster; just as the quarantine laws sometimes had to be put in force to stave off a danger to the town's health. It did not remove a burden; it only shifted it and distributed it in different directions, so that it should not bear with fatal weight in one place. It is not likely that in the first days of this simple application of a simple expedient any one could have been found to assert that it was devised to promote the general welfare, or for anything more than the protection of certain particular merchants — their protection from a specific danger; or that because it answered its purpose for the moment it would be a wise thing to disturb the natural course of trade, check and discourage commerce, put up prices all around, and make everybody in the community pay more for the necessities and luxuries of life, just in order that one certain set of men might make money out of the production of a naturally unprofitable article.

It did not, however, take the protected merchants of the old days long to find out that the check upon competition which saved them from bankruptcy in their hour of necessity, could be made a means of getting large profits if it could only be continued after the hour of necessity was over. If the tax on foreign competition could be made to shut foreign competition permanently out, the local producer would have things pretty much his own way. So he began to hunt for reasons why he ought to be protected when he did not need it, and you may be quite sure that the very first reason he found was that it would greatly benefit the rest of the community. Just how the benefits would come about he has been trying to explain for several hundred years; and through the advancing centuries, in every civilized country, he has found larger and larger majorities of people growing daily more and more profoundly incapable of understanding his explanation. And you may be sure of this one thing more, that the protective system is not to-day very different from what it was when local greed first began to talk for its own pocket.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

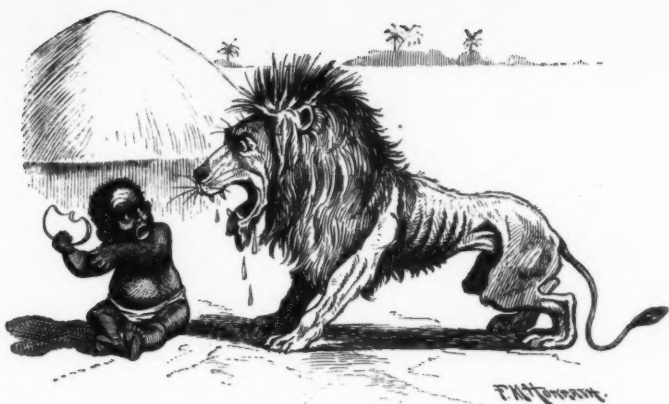


THE OLD FASHIONED COQUETTE.  
I love another,  
Will think of you as a brother.



THE MODERN FLIRT.  
I love a dozen,  
Will think of you as a cousin.





## NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

HUNGRY LION.—Oh, don't be selfish, little boy! I don't want your *bread and butter!*

## THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

ANNETTE.—Miss Fitz has always had a horror of being buried alive.

JEANNETTE.—But the chance of that sort of thing is very slight.

ANNETTE.—I know; but she is so fearful, that she is bound to get herself accustomed to it.

JEANNETTE.—What has she done?

ANNETTE.—Moved over to Brooklyn.

## BUT LITTLE REST.

"Are you busy?" asked the Mug of the Growler.

"Busy is no name for it," replied the Growler; "I'm rushed."

## JUST LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQueary.

"Yes; when I get any!" snapped the old dyspeptic.

IF THE arms of the sea were only mine,  
My joy would be sublime;  
For I could hug the Summer Girl  
By thousands at a time.



## HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

DORA SUMMERGIRL.—You told me you were a gentleman of leisure; and now you say you have to go back to the city on business.

LAUNT ENNIS.—What I say is true. I am a clerk in one of the Municipal offices, and have to go back to-morrow to draw my salary.

## AN ELLIS ISLAND DIALOGUE.

HAGAN.—How long do a man have to be in dthis country befoor he kin vote?

O'TOOLE.—That dipinds; if he comes late in Novimber, he moight have to wait nearly a year.

## IN THE NEXT GREAT DICTIONARY.

BARON.—In the United States, a term of reproach, as "Ice Baron," "Coal Baron," etc.

## A FLY TIME.

Now doth the giddy little fly  
Begin to learn to skate,  
And finds his choicest rink upon  
A glassy, glabrous pate.



## THE BURNING QUESTION.

ELDERLY STRANGER.—How do the people in your section of the country regard the Tariff and Silver Questions, sir?

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—We have n't studied 'em much—the Servant Girl Question is occupying all our attention, just now!

## TOO MUCH OF AN EXCEPTION.

RUFE GARDEN.—I hear that you invited Miss Fairweather out to the theatre the other night. How do you like her?

MADISON SQUEERS.—She is n't womanly enough to suit me.

RUFE GARDEN.—Why, what do you mean?

MADISON SQUEERS.—She insisted upon putting on her gloves before going out into the street.

## A GREAT CHANCE LOST.

P. GASSUS.—What a magnificent myth that is about Venus rising out of the sea!

CAMERA FIEND.—Superb!—and just think of the opportunity there was for a snap shot!

## AT THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

MRS. CHARLES RIVERS.—I declare, Mr. Bunkerhill has won three sets in succession!

WILLIE RIVERS (*at her side*).—Mama, what does "in succession" mean?

MRS. CHARLES RIVERS (*horrified*).—Why "consecutively," of course!

## A WEAKENED SIMILE.

"I will crush that man," said Rivers Ide, fiercely; "I will crush him, sir, as easily as I crush this mosquito!"

And Rivers made a wild heavy slap at the back of his neck, which the mosquito skillfully dodged, and then sailed away into the blue empyrean.





(Began in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

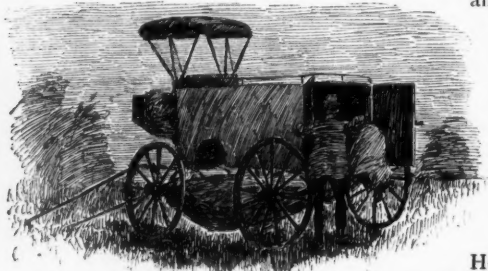
### CHAPTER XIX.

"Well, dear, we must go to bed," said Paul, after a long silence.

"Yes; in our wagon!" said Adèle, brightening up, for the little Italian boy had really weighed heavily upon her mind. "Oh, Paul, won't it be fun!"

And they very soon forgot their small competitor in the tinware business, for they found that going to bed in the wagon was quite a complicated and protracted piece of work. In the first place, they had to take all their stock out of the wagon in order to get in themselves; and then, when the stock was all out, they remembered the evening dew, and were obliged to consider that the tinware would surely rust if it were left out all night on the damp grass.

However, by this time they had grown quite fertile in expedients, and, the night being warm, Paul took one of their blankets and fastened it by each of its four corners to the wagon-springs. Into this he piled all of their stock, and over this again he spread another blanket, and so tucked up the tinware for the night. They had now three blankets remaining, and two of these Paul spread on the floor of the wagon, keeping the other to cover them. Then Adèle climbed into the hollow box of the wagon to see how she liked their new sleeping-quarters.



Her report came out to Paul with a hollow, booming sound, as though she were lost in a distant cavern. She

said first that it was dark; and then she said that it was too hard for anything. So she climbed out again, and Paul proceeded to despoil the tinware of its upper blanket. Adèle tried it once more, and said that it was better, but that she wished they had thought to get a mattress. Then they both climbed in and tried to settle themselves for the night.

But Adèle had a tender conscience and a deep sense of responsibility.

"Paul," she said, "I can not sleep while I think what would happen to that tinware if any dew got on it. I do wish you'd try and think of something else to do with it."

So Paul got up somewhat reluctantly, and devised another expedient. This time he piled all the tinware on top of the wagon, over their heads, and covered it with its blanket.

"Oh, thank you, dear!" said Adèle, when he came back.

"You're entirely welcome, dear," replied Paul, but hardly in his very pleasantest voice. "Do you think you could get just the least little bit over that way?"

"I'll try, dear," said Adèle; but there is n't very much room, you know. Are you going to shut the door, Paul?"

"I can't, dear," said Paul; "somehow my feet seem to stick out."

"I'm so sorry, dear," said his wife. "Do you suppose we could have an extension put on?"

"A — what?" said Paul, sleepily. "I tell you they're too long."

"I did n't mean your feet, dear," said Adèle. "I meant an extension to the wagon."

"Oh, yes!" Paul groaned; "certainly — just as you please, my dear — in the morning."

Then they tried to sleep. But the floor of the wagon had something to say about that. It made itself felt even through three thicknesses of blanket, and it proved to be a singularly hard, unyielding floor. Paul drowsily wondered if he could n't some time have it taken out, and a spring-board substituted. He was just sleepy enough to make this plan seem quite feasible, and he turned over on his back to think of it more comfortably. In doing so his elbow landed heavily upon his wife's head, while at the same time he thrust her violently against the side of the wagon.

"Oh, Paul!" cried she, "you're killing me! How could you be so cruel? And just as I was getting off to sleep so nicely, too!"

This last clause was a fib. But the best woman in the world, when she has got a man down, will rub it into him. Paul apologized profusely, but not in a very clear or connected manner. Then he tried to efface himself against his side of the wagon, and he only gave a subdued moan of pain when, shortly after, Adèle plunged both her French heels vigorously into the small of his back.

It was now Adèle's turn to apologize, and she felt so badly about it that she not only set forth her regrets at great length, but made Paul wake up to be sure that he understood how badly she *did* feel. And having once waked up, they lay awake and talked it all over. They came to the conclusion that they did not *altogether* like sleeping in the wagon as it was arranged at present.

"If," Adèle said, "it only had a spring bottom —"

"And a tail-board to let down for my feet," suggested Paul.

"And a little more ventilation —"

"And about two feet more width —"

"And if it did n't smell quite so much of the things we put in it — why, Paul, I can smell sardines, and bacon, and pepper, and tobacco, and axle-grease, and kerosene oil, and I don't know how many other things, all at once."

"If we'd built the wagon in the first place," said Paul, "it would have been all right. But I don't believe that man ever slept in this wagon."

"The wretch!" Adèle exclaimed. "Did n't he tell you he did?"

"Well, no," said Paul, "now I come to think of it, he did not. I asked him if I could sleep in the wagon, and he said I could if I bought it."

"Oh!" said Adèle.

They gave it up after a while, and decided that they did not really care about making a bed-chamber of their vehicle until certain radical faults in its construction had been remedied. They thought they would get up and take a little walk to stretch their legs and limber up the many sore points which sprang into life all over their frames.

They crawled painfully out of their box, and, when they had got out into the open air, they were astonished to find how large and cool and generally delightful the world was. The moon shone so brightly that, for a moment, it seemed as if they were standing on a snow-clad hill near the shore of a broad white lake; for a great mist filled the valley below them, and buried in its cloudy depths the fields and farms and woodlands.

"Oh, Paul," cried Paul's wife, "how beautiful! I am not sleepy now, or even tired. Are you? Let's walk to the top of the hill and look down. It must be like getting into heaven to see it all from there!"



### CHAPTER XX.

The road kept doubling on itself, and it was the whitest thing in the landscape, as it stretched out before them, for on each side were the black hollows beneath the bushes and undergrowth that bordered it. Each short ascending reach lost itself in darkness; and, though they could not have told why, it gave them a strange sort of quick, surprised pleasure to come around the turn and find that silver path leading them in just the opposite direction, and yet ever tempting them upward with its wayward beauty. At each turn they knew what they were going to find, and yet each time

it was a surprise; and the road kept the best surprise of all until the last, for suddenly they came around a thicket, and there it lay before them running straight up, and over the bare brow of the hill, as if it ran into the hollow of the sky. Paul felt Adèle's hand fall upon his arm, not in affright, but as though she cautioned him not to break the silence.

"Look, dear," she said very softly, pointing to the side of the road.

The little Italian boy lay there, stretched on his back, with one arm under his head and his other hand clutching at his ragged shirt and pulling it open at his brown chest, that rose and fell in his sound, child-like sleep. His lips were relaxed in a babyish smile, and the dew glistened

like frost on his curly black hair. Adèle gazed at him until the little picture blurred and wavered through tears. She slipped her hand into Paul's, and he pressed it hard.

They turned back a little, and sat down on the stones by the roadside.

"Paul," said Adèle, after a long while, "do you know what I'm thinking of?"

Paul nodded.





"Give him something!"

"Yes; give him a whole lot of things. And bring them up here, don't you know, while he's asleep, and leave them for him to find when he wakes up. Would n't that be lovely?"

"First-rate," said Paul.

"Oh, you're such a *dear*," whispered Adèle, "to think so, too. But then, I knew you would. Now, what shall we give him?"

"A blanket, the first thing, I should think," said Paul.

"Yes, of course," Adèle said; "you're always so thoughtful, Paul. And what next?"

Paul ruminated.

"Nother blanket," he said at last.

"I meant tinware," Adèle explained.

"Oh!" said Paul. "Well, give him the wash-boiler. I would n't put that thing to bed another night for a farm."

"It's a nice wash-boiler, Paul," said Adèle reproachfully; "and you ought n't to feel angry with it because you got it mixed up with a strainer. Besides, the poor little fellow could n't carry it."



"Well, if he won't take it any other way," said Paul obstinately, "give him the horse and wagon to carry it."

Then their eyes met. The same thought came to both at once. It was born in a jest, but it trembled into earnest before they knew it, and there they sat looking at each other and silently talking, with no need of speech to make each other understand. It was Adèle who first spoke aloud.

"Oh, Paul! do you think we really might —?"

"Why not?" said Paul. "After all, what did we come out for except to have a good time? And I'm not so stuck on that wagon as I was."

"Oh, Paul, I won't let you say that!" cried Adèle. "You wrong yourself — you were n't thinking of that at all. We were having a lovely time with the wagon, if it *was* horrid to sleep in. But then it would have to come to an end sometime. And I'm sure *he*'d have an ever so much better time with it, and it would mean a great deal more to him than it would to some man who could afford to buy it from us."

"Well, I'm game," said Paul, cheerfully. "It won't leave us with much ready cash, but then I suppose we can load up again."

"You don't mean to say," Adèle exclaimed, somewhat horrified, "that we've spent all we had when we came away!"

"Pretty near," said Paul; and then he smiled at her shocked face. "You must remember, my dear, that we're only experimenting, so far. When we find out what we really want to do, we can begin to economize."

This explanation greatly relieved Adèle's soul.

"Oh, yes, of course!" she said; "and we can economize on ourselves; and then what we do for other people will be a luxury. That will be nice, won't it?"

Anything that was nice for Adèle was nice for Paul.

"Let's wake the little beggar up and tell him about it."

"Oh, Paul, how can you think of such a thing?" said his wife, holding up her hands. "Of course it's got to be a *surprise*!"

"Why, how on earth," inquired Paul, "can you surprise a fellow with a horse and wagon? You can't slip it in his pocket, or put it in his stocking."

"Don't be absurd, dear," his wife said rebukingly, "and I'll tell you just what we'll do. You'll make out a deed of gift, or whatever you call it, and we'll stick it in his pocket —"

"He has n't got a pocket," interrupted Paul, "any more than he has socks."

"You know what I mean, Paul, perfectly well. Let's come right along and do it."

So Paul obediently came along, and they retraced their steps to the camping-ground.

For one moment, as they gazed at the embers of their camp-fire, in which a little life yet lingered; at Sorrellina, (or Tinnianna,) waking from

her placid dreams to cast a look of friendly inquiry toward them; at the tinware cosily put to bed under its blanket, and at the wagon, which, even under the moonlight, retained something of its peculiarly red redness — for one moment a pang smote them both at the thought of giving it all up; but they did not falter.

Adèle began to pack their own personal hand-bags while Paul got out his bill-of-sale, and started out to make a transfer in something calculated to suggest a legal form. But here, at the very beginning, he struck upon a snag.

"I'm afraid, my dear," he said, after scratching his head in silence for a while, "that I've got to wake that little cuss up. How the deuce can I transfer this thing to him if I don't know his name?"

Adèle knit her brows in thought.

"Could n't you write it so badly that nobody could read it? and then they could n't say it *was* n't his name, you know."

"I might do that," said Paul; "but there ought to be enough of a name for him to recognize himself by."

"That's true," said Adèle. "I don't see how we're going to get around that."

"I'll tell you," said Paul. "Don't you know what an everlasting lot of names those foreigners always have? Well, let's give him all we can think of, and then we'll be pretty certain, among them all, to strike on the right one."

So they made out the transfer with all the Italian names they could think of, ending with an illegible scrawl. Some of the names they put in, not at all because they thought they might belong to the boy, but because they sounded pretty. This is what the result of their collaboration looked like:

*Paolo Giuseppe Matteo Marco*

*Luca Giovanni Luigi*

*Innocente Geronimo Carlo*

*Maria Ernesto Crisostomo*

*Ferdinando Giulio*

*Tommaso Pio Tito Antonio*

*Chiaroelli de Lefroy*

*de Henry*

When they had finished, they regarded their work in admiration.

"I always *was* a bad writer," said Paul, proudly.

"Yes, dear," said Adèle, very much pleased; "but I never thought you could write as badly as that."

Paul put the tinware and

the stores back into the bed-

room. As the moon went

down, he was obliged to light

the lantern, which added a

gypsy-like attraction to his

work, and he dawdled over

it until Adèle was obliged

to remind him that the sun

would be up if he lingered

much longer.

But the eastern horizon

was still cold and gray, and

the moon had not faded in

the sky, when they drove the

mare up as near to the place

where the sleeping boy lay as

they thought they could safely

advance without waking him. There

they tethered her, warmly blank-

eted, and up the road they went and found the boy still sleeping. He

had scarcely moved since they left him.

Adèle had written a little note in such Italian as she had learned — and taught — at Madame Chambray's school, to explain the situation, and to advise him as to the moderate and appropriate use of such portion of his new name as he might find convenient for business purposes. And



if any one were to endeavor to take his property from him, he was to address Mr. Perkins, at the nearest of the banks of deposit where Paul had provided a *cache* for that creature of his own imagination.

Then they went back to say a last farewell to the outfit that had been theirs; and Paul patted Sorrellina's neck, and Adèle stroked Tinnina's nose; and that team of one single horse ate of a bush, and manifested no emotion.

There was nothing left now but to give Paolo Etcetera his little packet of papers, which they had tied up with the price-list. Paul stooped down and slipped it under the grimy hand that lay upon the brown breast. The small fingers slightly closed upon it, and the boy breathed the light sigh of contented sleep. Adèle knelt down by his side.

"Paul," she whispered, "do you think I'd wake him? —"

"No," said Paul; "a child who could sleep like that must be built like a time-safe."

Adèle bent over and kissed the boy's forehead. Then she rose, and they went on their way over the brow of the hill, where another valley lay at their feet.

"I wonder —" said Paul, dreamily.

"What, dear?"

"What in thunder he'll make of the price-list," said Paul.

"Oh, Paul," said Adèle, "please don't joke!"

(To be continued.)



### THE TYPEWRITER'S SONG.

ONE — two — three pages,  
Oh, dear! it will be ages  
Before I am through.  
(Rattle, tattle, rattle) what's the date?  
(Thump, thump, thump) April 8,  
1892.  
(Rattle, tattle) Mr. Jere —  
Miah Rusk, Secretary  
Of Agriculture, City.  
Oh, goodness, what a pity!  
Now, where on earth is that eraser?  
I should have written H-o-n  
Instead of Mr. — Now, then,  
Let me see, (Tattle, rattle) Dear Sir:  
(Rattle) Please send me a choice collection  
Of your personal (ting) se-(rattle) lection  
Of garden seeds, and — now I'm stuck;  
Can't read these notes — Oh, hang the luck!  
Bilge — bleege — blige. Oh, yes, I see,  
And oblige, (rattle) Yours respectfully,  
Tattle, rattle tattle  
B-r-r-r-t-l-l-rattle.



### OFFICIAL CONSIDERATION.

MRS. CAPSTRINGS. — Bridget, is n't that officer — asleep there?

BRIDGET. — Sure, an' if he is, Mum, it's not meself to be denoyin' th' poor man a bit of shlaue whoile doin' his duty.

### REALIZED IT HIMSELF.

"Well, good-by," said the Lunatic, as he started for the Asylum —  
"I'm off."

### SHE DID N'T ASK FOR VEAL.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER. — Please send up a pound of calf's liver.

BUTCHER. — Very sorry, Miss; but we have no veal to-day.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (*loftily*). — I did n't ask for veal; I said (*distinctly*) calf's liver.

### FOND OF NOVELTIES.

MISS ATHENIA HUBBS (*of Boston*). — Here is an advertisement: "Wanted — a literary man of fine culture and high attainments, to go to St. Louis." I wonder what they want of him?

MRS. HUBBS. — I presume they wish to see one.

### THE RETORT UNFILIAL.

IRATE FATHER. — Did you ever earn a dollar in your life?

SON. — Yes, Father; several. But you never paid me.

### IT TAKES TWO TO QUARREL.

MRS. PRIM. — It does n't do any good, my dear, to get mad and swear at your razor.

MR. PRIM. — I know it does n't; but the gummed thing lost *its* temper first!

MRS. BACKUP. — Why did n't you scream when George embraced you?

MAUD. — The mean thing threatened to have me arrested for receiving stolen kisses.



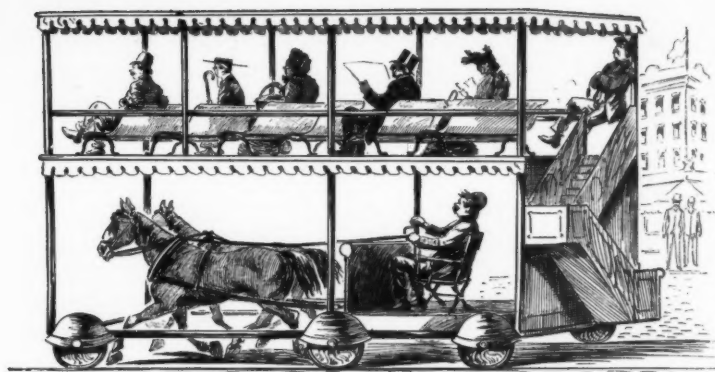
### A SECOND JOSEPH.

PEACHBLOW WHISKERS. — Where'd ye git the crazy quilts?

WEARY RAGGLES. — Made 'em meself. Be'n writin' to tailors all over de country fer samples. Dey's de best English cloth in dem pants, and don't you fergit it!





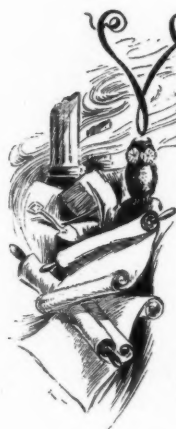


PUCK'S PATENT HUMANITARIAN SUMMER HORSE-CAR.

DEDICATED TO THE A. S. P. C. A.

### BRIEF ANECDOTES

From Ancient Manuscripts Lately Excavated by the Antiquarian Delver, POLYBIUS CRUSOE SMITH, A. M.



WHEN CLEOPATRA asked Julius Cæsar which was the proudest moment of his life, he replied: "When I stepped in my first pair of pants."

To some one asking Cleobulus what was the difference between Reciprocity and Free Trade, he replied:

"Reciprocity is a single mouthful, while Free Trade is a whole meal."

Thales having been asked what was easy, said:

"To fall in love with a pretty girl."

Having been asked what was difficult, he said:

"To live happily with her after you have married her, —judging from Dakota divorce court records."

Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, being about to reward an obliging judge by promoting him from a lower to a higher court, his private secretary attempted to dissuade him, on the ground that the public would be highly indignant. Thereupon, Hiero gave the immature secretary the following scraps of political wisdom:

"Public indignation is of shorter duration than an April shower; and a man that has been useful in a blocks-of-five case would also come very handy if there should happen to be a case of blocks-of-ten."

Lucretius, the philosopher and poet, having become disgusted with the frivolities, superstitions and corruptions of the times, had withdrawn himself to the quiet seclusion of his country villa. One day his old friend Memmius came up from Rome on a visit, and among other news items related that Pastor Schweinfurth, Dr. Teed and Prince Michael each claimed that he was directly commissioned by Jupiter to proclaim a new religion to mankind. The comment of Lucretius was so highly esteemed by Memmius that he bade his slave transcribe it for the benefit of posterity, as well as for his contemporaries, to wit:

"Any man with a bucketful of mysticism and a hogshead of gall who could n't found a new religion, would n't have any more brains than the wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store."

CONFUCIAN ANALECT, BOOK XIV, HEEN-WAN.

Chapter XLVIII. — Hop Late, one of the disciples of Confucius, had a habit of being a trifle tardy. One day the Master said:

"The man that is always a little behindhand is more exasperating than a cat concert under the bedroom window."

With this, he hit him on the shank with his staff.

UNLESS ENGLISH becomes the Universal Language, somebody is going to have a tough time in the future, translating dialect stories.

YOU CAN'T cure neuralgia by caving in your face with a sledge-hammer. Social reformers please take notice.

THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE — Milk and Water.

WHEN IT comes to a matter of strength, it seems paradoxical that the candidate who can carry Texas may not be able to carry Rhode Island.

### WHEN THE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

"Theatrical thunder is usually made by shaking a piece of sheet-iron."

"Yes; but the Republican party will probably make its thunder with American tin."

### A QUIVER FULLER.

The Chief Justice of the United States has eight charming daughters.

THERE IS one nice thing about it. When Mr. Don M. Dickinson resumes charge of the Post-office, Pious John won't have to travel Sundays to get to Sunday-school.

IF MCKINLEY is a thorough Protectionist, he can't justly complain if people want to protect themselves against his tariff.

THIS CAMPAIGN is really a race for the ex-Presidency. Whoever loses—wins.

IT IS stated privately that Col. Shepard grows his own quills.

HARRISON IS a good Presbyterian. He believes he was predestined to be President. This is really the only way to account for his election.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN; which probably accounts for the refusal of the free silver cranks to shut up.

THE TARIFF is the death rattle in the throat of the Republican party.

SINCE CLEVELAND'S nomination, the *Sun's* office cat is "sans pur and sans approach."

REPUBLICAN.—Our President's relations are delightful.  
DEMOCRAT.—They have to be. If his relations get disagreeable, he can turn them out of office.



A MIDDLE-WEIGHT.



### A SUFFICIENCY.

MISSIONARY.—I would like you to join our Sunday-school.  
WANG LEE.—Not muchee. Me alleady gottee one wiffee longside China—one wiffee longside Clallifony. Me no wantee no mo' wiffee.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

"THEY'RE OF



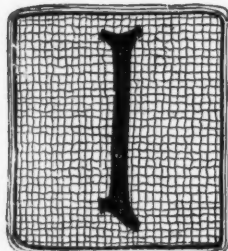




## NATURE SUFFICIENT.

DENTIST.—With or without gas? With gas, fifty cents extra.  
MR. HARDACRE.—Ef you can't see in this glaring sunlight,  
I hain't goin' to pay you extry for gas, that 's sartain.

## THE HIGHEST HONORS.



DON'T exactly understand the science of the game," observed the Old Professor, as he re-adjusted his glasses and beamed interestedly across the bright, green diamond; "but, so far as I can learn, it seems to be the object of the runner to reach the — er — base before the ball."

"That 's about the size of it, Papa; but it does n't count anything until he gets all the way around to 'home' again," answered his pretty daughter, who was seated beside him on the stand.

"Ah! I thought so," said the Old Professor, as placidly happy as if he had just discovered a brand-new scientific fact. "But — er —," and a shade of anxiety flashed across his wrinkled features, "it seems to me that our boys have not been as successful in reaching — er — 'home' as we could wish."

"They have played like angels, but they 've had awfully hard luck," confessed his daughter.

"But you don't mean to tell me that there is any danger that the college will be defeated?" asked the Old Professor with pathetic incredulity.

"Danger? Well, I should smile! Nothing but one of the good, old-time, never-say-die rallies can save us now. Why, it's the last half of the ninth, Papa, and the score is four to three against us. There are two men out, and a man on second, and unless Mr. Ketchon can make a two-base hit we 're beaten."

"Who?" asked her father, sharply.

"Mr. Ketchon, Papa."

"Oh, that poor, foolish young man! Does the honor of Alma Mater rest on his shoulders?"

"Yes, it does; and he's got his eye on the ball, too. You can tell it by the way he stands."

"I hope he has!" sighed the Old Professor, despondently. "But I doubt if that young man will ever accomplish anything. His Greek papers are a trial to my nerves. If it were only Mr. Omega, now, I should feel safe."

"Mr. Omega!" returned the girl, contemptuously. "He could n't hit a hay-stack with a barn door. He would n't know the ball was coming until it had smashed his glasses. But watch Mr. Ketchon, Papa! I know he's onto that pitcher's curves. See! there was too much 'out' on that one, and he let it go by him."

"Then, you say that unless he succeeds in imparting to the ball, by the impact of his bat, a velocity sufficient to —"

There was a sharp crack. Then a deafening yell from the stands, as the out-fielders turned and tore madly after the ball.

"Eh! what was that? Did he hit the ball? Where did it go?" asked the Old Professor, blankly.

"Over there in the left-field corner, among the carriages; they 're diving under the horses for it. And is n't he sprinting around the bases. Oh, come on! Come on! Those boys throw in like fiends."

He 's passed third; just look at that ball come! There! the short stop 's got it. I know he 'll line it straight to the plate! Oh, dear, he 's caught! They 've got him! Was n't that a magnificent slide? No; that 's safe! He 's safe, Papa! That 's the winning run — and he made it. And if you ever haul him over the coals again when he flunks in his Greek —"

"If I do," said the Old Professor, trembling with excitement, "you may stick a label on me and put me in the cabinet with the rest of the fossils! Three cheers for Ketchon. All together, boys! NOW, NOW, NOW! Bow-Wow-Wow!! WHOOP HER UP FOR KETCHON!!! WOW-WOW-WOW!!!!"

Harry Romaine.

## A MAIDEN MARRED.

SHE 's AS pretty as a posy with the morning dew upon it;  
She 's as cultured, clever, practical as any maid on earth;  
She is versed in every sort of art, can cook, or  
write a sonnet;

She 's a lofty queen by nature — an aristocrat  
by birth.

I adore her most devoutly, and I pine to offer  
to her

All the flaming pent-up passion that her  
loveliness invites;

But, alas! I can not, will not give my own con-  
sent to woo her;

For, despite her countless virtues, she quite  
frequently recites!

Maude Andrews.



## TWO GOOD RULES.

REGGY WESTEND.—Col. Deeply says it's his rule "Never to take a drink when you feel as if you need one;" and old Baxter says "Never take a drink, except when you need one." Now what is a fellow going to do?

JACK LEVER.—Follow both rules, Reggy, and you 'll be all right.



## HE WAS OBEDIENT.

MOTHER (wrathfully).—Did n't Oi tell yez not ter play  
wid dat McGeachy boy?

BOY (wofully).—I ain't; he's be'n playin' wid me.



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Frog's legs might properly come under the head of 'Spring' delicacies.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A modern built, fire-proof Hotel on the American Plan. Absolutely first class. Rooms en suite or single, with baths.

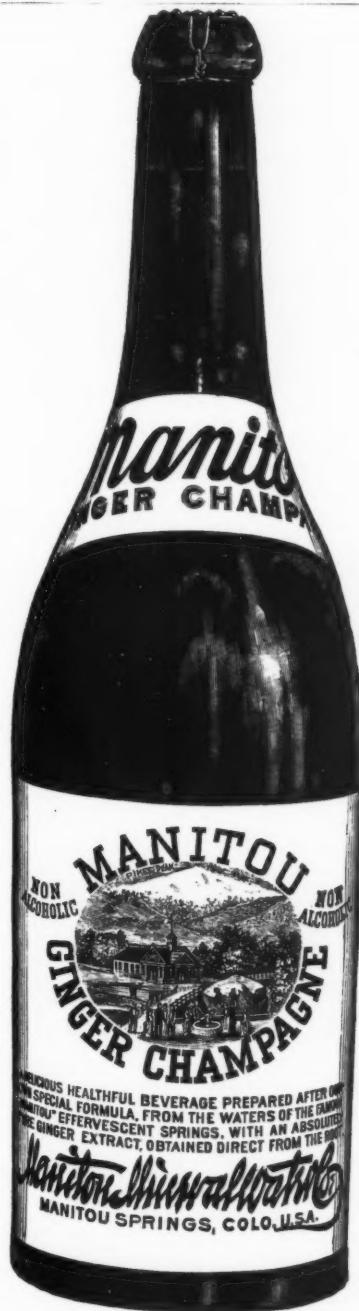
SECRETARY BLAINE says he will write no more letters, and his friends think he would rather be President than write.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WE shall always admire the women, because so few of them are known as "professor."—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE are people who shiver every time they hear that there are spots on the sun.—*Ram's Horn.*

PROHIBITION will never flourish in Texas so long as the price of a glass of lemonade will buy two beers.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE first "glove contest" recorded was when Solomon decided the famous "kid" controversy.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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A COAT of paint has no buttons on it.—*Texas Siftings.*



Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor.  
**AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.**

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WHITE HANDS.**

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**WHITEN and CLEAR**  
the skin so quickly as

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The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—it CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

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**LITTLE DICK.**—School-teachers' has n't any feeling at all.

**MAMA.**—What is the matter now?

**LITTLE DICK.**—My teacher borrowed my new knife to sharpen her pencil, so she could give me a demerit mark.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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**LITTLE BUB.**—I know what makes Mr. Nicello's mustache so stiff. It's mucilage."

**MAMA.**—Nonsense.

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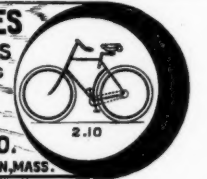
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HIS WIFE, PERHAPS.  
OFFICE BOY.—There's a woman outside wants to see you.  
BUSINESS MAN.—Book agent?  
OFFICE BOY.—No; she ain't polite enough fer that. She acts as if she owned the hull building. Guess she's some relation.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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TOM.—Why?  
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Another Reason why your Entire Stock, Bond  
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TOO MUCH LUNG.

YOUNG WIFE. — My dear, the first time I  
saw you, you were with a party of students giving  
the college yell.

HUSBAND. — Yes, I remember.

"And I noticed what a remarkable voice you  
had."

"Yes, you spoke of it. Why?"

"Nothing, only I wish the baby had n't in-  
herited it." — *New York Weekly.*

WHAT CAUSED THE FIRST TIFF.

MRS. NEWPAPER (*proudly*). — The landlord  
was here to-day. I gave him fifteen dollars and  
showed him the baby.

MR. NEWPAPER (*who was kept awake last  
night*). — It would have been much better if  
you'd given him the baby and showed him the  
fifteen dollars. — *Truth.*

THE grave from which there is no resurrection  
is the one in which people bury their talents. —  
*Ram's Horn.*



**DOCTORS' AND NURSES'**

Attention is called to the fact that

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,**

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Make it a point to brew exclusively PURE and FINE MALT BEER, and for patients the

**EXQUISITE, or White Label, and BUDWEISER**

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The small alcoholic and large nutritious percentage of the ANHEUSER-BUSCH Bottle Beer makes it a superior prescription, as the quality  
is guaranteed by the standing of the firm, whose motto is in buying material: "Not how cheap, but how good." ANHEUSER-BUSCH  
Bottled Beer is always pure and straight, which is generally doubtful of wines, liquors and medicinal preparations.

**New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 105 Broad Street.**

WENT FOR A DRIVE.

HUSBAND. — What's that? Been shopping,  
and bought \$100 worth of silks? You said you  
were going for a drive.

WIFE. — Yes. Cash & Co. advertised a great  
drive in dry goods. — *New York Weekly.*

"THAT's where the shoe hurts," as the bride-  
groom muttered, rubbing the back of his head.  
— *Truth.*

Are you nervous and irritable? A glass of Cook's Imperial Wine ban-  
ishes that feeling.  
It's the pure grape juice naturally fermented.

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ING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, TENN. Mention Puck. 134



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POSSESSED OF STAYING POWER — The Corset. — *Ark-  
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**A few well - lighted** floors, which will be ready for occupancy on or about February 1st, 1893, are offered to desirable tenants at reasonable rates.

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There is no change of sleepers; passengers for Pueblo and Colorado Springs are not disturbed.

This train is specially designed for Summer Traffic, and consists of one baggage car, two sleepers, and one of our far-famed Dining Cars. It is lighted by Gas, and in winter heated by steam from the engine. In fact, nothing is lacking conducive to comfort. It is as if you were in your own drawing-room.

Its counterpart leaves Denver daily at 9 A. M., returning over the same route, via Phillipsbury, Beatrice, Lincoln, Omaha, Des Moines, and Davenport, arriving at Chicago next day at 4.15 P. M.

The "Big Five" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 P. M. daily, arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning, being out but one day. No. 11 will leave as heretofore at 6 P. M., by way of Kansas City, and reach Denver at the same hour as the "Big Five."

By these additions the Colorado service of the Great Rock Island affords two "Flyers" daily each way. "TAKE THE ROCK ISLAND."

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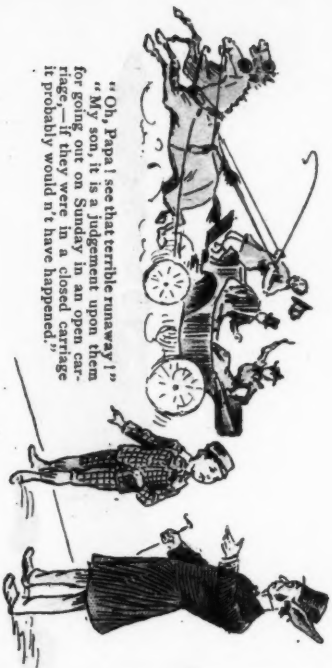
which adds to the enjoyment of all the other dainties, and makes a picnic a picnic indeed.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this very popular beverage.

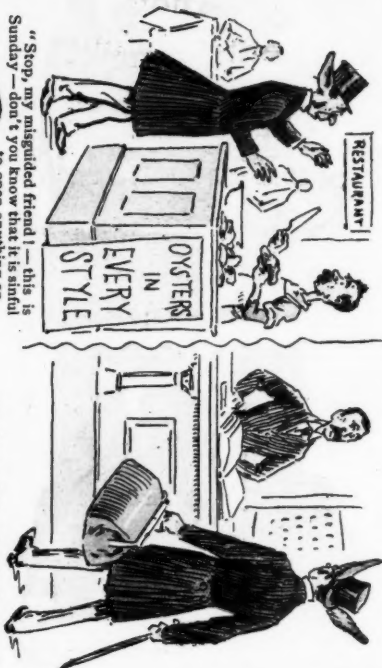
Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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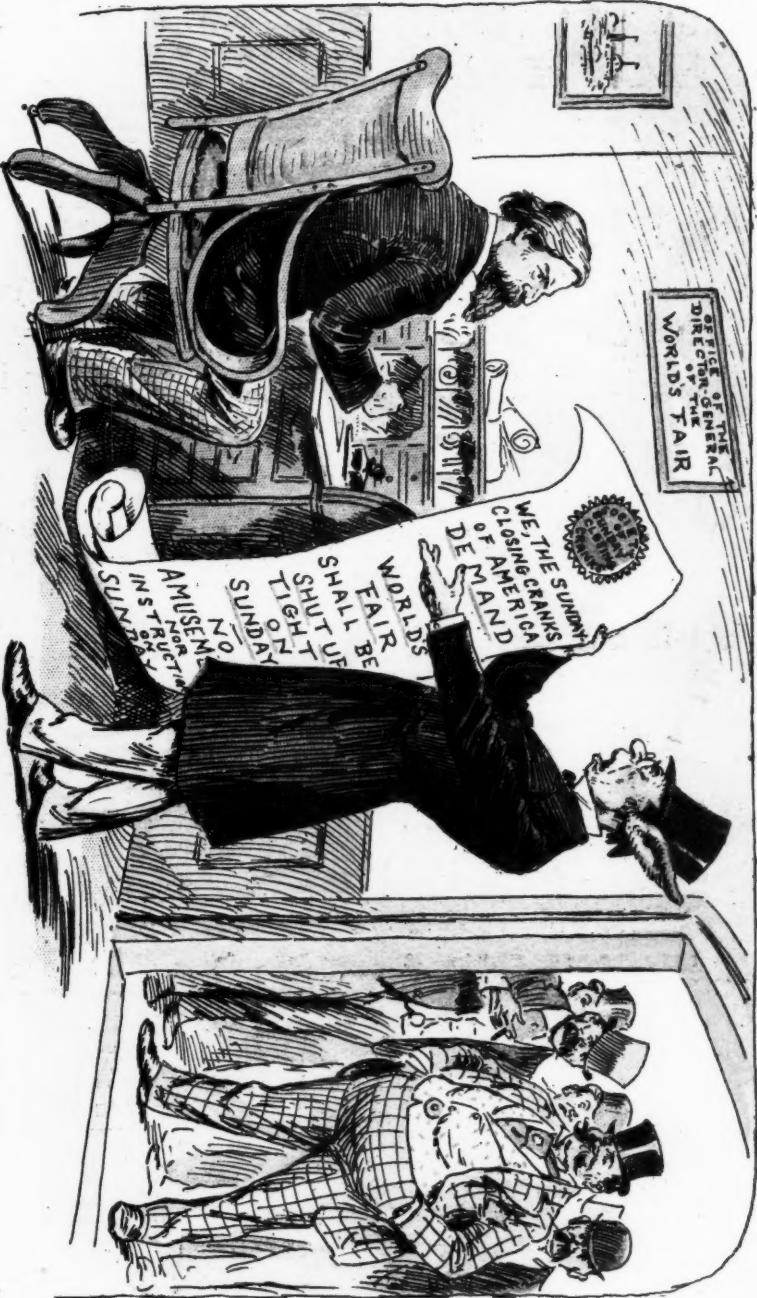


"Oh, Papa! see that terrible runaway!"  
"My son, it is a judgement upon them for going out on Sunday in an open carriage,—if they were in a closed carriage it probably would not have happened!"



"Stop, my misguided friend!—this is Sunday—don't you know that it is sinful to open anything on Sunday?"

"Is there a folding bed in the room?"  
"No, sir, we don't use them here."  
"Then I'll have to go somewhere else—I could not sleep in a bed that can't be closed on Sundays!"



CHORUS OF CHICAGO DYKE KEMERS.—That suits us!—If the people can't see the Fair on Sunday, they'll have to come to us for amusement!



St. Opper

# THE SUNDAY-CLOSING FANATIC.



SHADES OF THE FUTURE.—Verily this man should have lived in our day—he does not belong in the present time!